



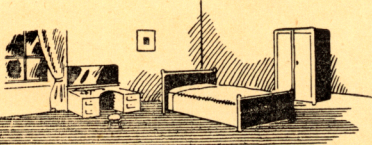
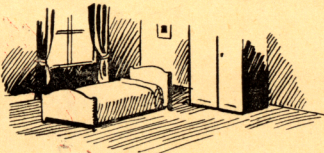


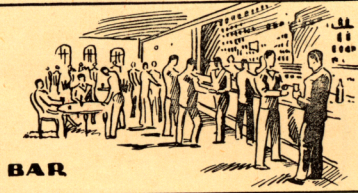
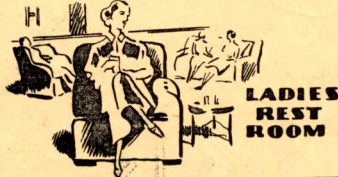
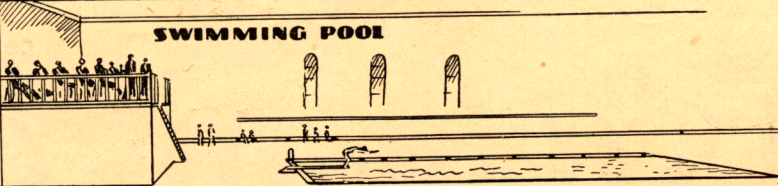

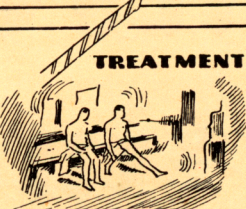

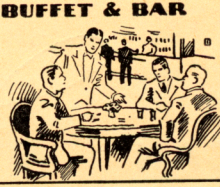
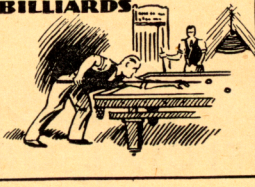
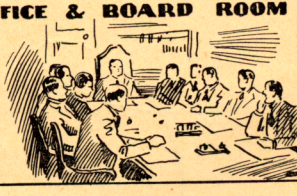
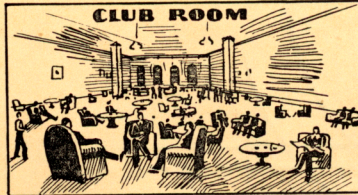



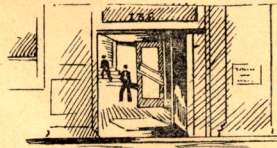

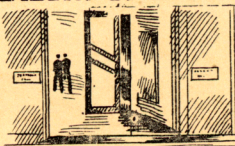
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 11. January, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 BEDROOMS 			FLOOR 5	
 DINING ROOM	 LOUNGE	 BAR	FLOOR 4	
 LADIES REST ROOM	 SWIMMING POOL		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 GYMN. & GAMES	 TREATMENT			FLOOR 3
 CARD ROOMS	 BUFFET & BAR	 BILLIARDS	 OFFICE & BOARD ROOM	FLOOR 2
 CLUB ROOM	 BAR	 BARBER	 GROCERIES TELEPHONE SUGAR, RICE, TEA, etc.	FLOOR 1
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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

WHILE Australians face the New Year with greater assurance, they will need to ally this with firmer resolve. Further sacrifice (Churchill's blood and sweat and tears) lies ahead. In what measure cannot be divined.

Nothing in the picture as it unrolls itself in any theatre of war reveals definite evidence of wilting on the part of Germans or Japs. Best informed opinion implies that our enemies will be worn down by attrition rather than slapped down by a fortuitous thrust.

Meantime, hazards remain great and tribulation ranges beyond the measure of human reckoning. We face a tougher time in 1943. Artificial austerity died with 1942.

On your behalf the committee accepts its obligation of service to the nation and to the fighting forces with all the devotion that distinguished our efforts in the old year.

The Club Man's Diary

1st, Mr. P. Kearns; 8th, Mr. F. G. Spurway; 9th, Mr. R. Sharpe; 10th, Mr. J. A. Chew; 11th, Colonel T. L. F. Rutledge; 14th, Messrs. E. D. Clark and W. C. Wurth; 16th, Mr. A. C. W. Hill; 17th, Mr. G. V. Dunwoodie; 20th, Messrs. W. T. Ridge and C. V. Dunlop; 21st, Mr. C. F. Viner-Hall; 23rd, Mr. A. K. Quist; 26th, Mr. A. C. Ingham; 27th, Messrs. H. T. Matthews and N. Stirling; 28th, Mr. L. Vandenberg; 29th, Hon. G. R. W. McDonauld, M.L.C.; 30th, Mr. R. H. Alderson.

* * *

IN A LUNCHEON HOUR several days before the Carrington and Cup meeting Dan Lewis took my hat in error, but returned it because (as he said) his own was a better one. For my part, I would have hated to have had Dan disturbed by the thoughts that stir ordinarily under my hat—thoughts of war, of politics and economics, of social questions, that career like racehorses, that lurch and leap like steeplechasers.

Such commotions are no good for the brain, which cannot contain a stampede for too long. Out they must be driven by way of parchment into the stately parade of print.

As I have said, I would spare Dan Lewis the tension of such an experience. Picking up a journalist's hat is akin to touching a live wire, and the sensation is that of onrushing lunacy. One cannot be too cautious with unearthed current concentrated in a hatband.

* * *

I wasn't thinking of anything like that when Dan Lewis brought back my hat. I regarded the circumstance as an omen; but I had not attempted further to explore its possibilities until meeting Arthur Moverly on the course. (Incidentally, he denied that he had ever suggested as a motto for the Water Board "It ain't gonna reign no more.")

What he did declare positively was that the bet of the day was Earlborough in the Three-Year-Old Handicap. I consulted my book and,

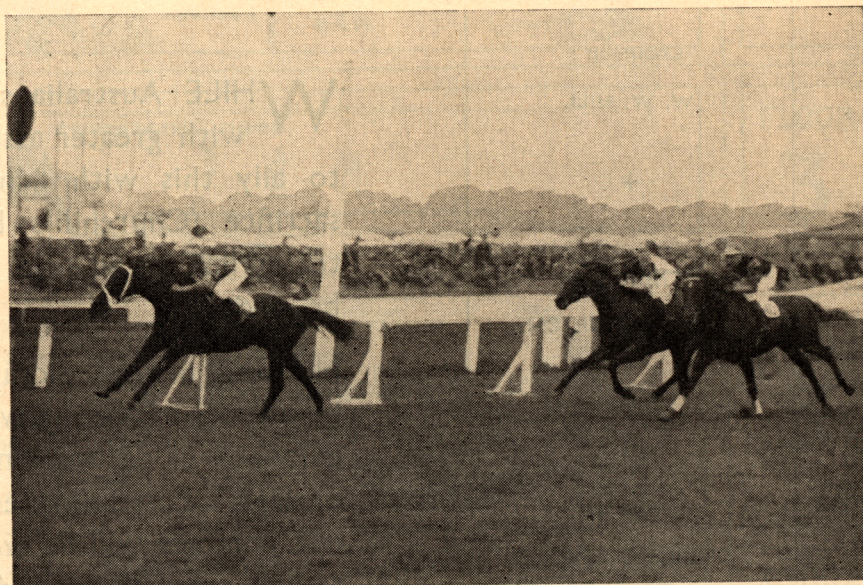
finding that Dan Lewis was the trainer, hurriedly left Arthur standing and beat it into the ring. As they paraded in the Saddling Paddock a man standing near me addressed his friend: "Best looking horse in the race is No. 19." Again I turned to my race book. It was Earlborough!

The man addressed me: "What do you think of his chance?" A replied: "Excellent. As a matter of fact, I got the tip stright from the trainer's hat." The look he gave me I shall

sense a protecting umbrella against the broiling shafts of Old Sol. Randwick, with its milling crowds and exhilarating racing, had recaptured the big-meeting atmosphere. Even with the khaki note dominant, the scene was reminiscent of happier days.

* * *

Somehow, we felt that this afternoon of detachment was all to the good; that racing properly conducted is probably without comparison as a



Finish of the Carrington Stakes, 9/1/43, Sobo winning from Panchio and Hydra.

not forget. "A system bettor, eh?" he snapped, passing on.

Well, you know the result—Earlborough didn't give even Andy Knox a run for his money. It was his off day.

* * *

Early in the proceedings it looked as if in terms of weather we were in for a repeat performance of the previous meeting. "What y' doing with that raincoat?" so many asked. The reply was simple: "It's more pleasant to queue up in the rain awaiting transport with mackintosh than with rain pouring into your pockets to sodden the pound notes that might have been there had you not been there." This may sound like a disappearing trick—it is.

The overcast sky proved in every

tonic. The country loses nothing when the people gain in refreshment of the spirit. Defeatism doesn't come out of enjoyment, but from dejection.

* * *

Until the running of the Cup I hadn't picked a winner, but I hadn't lost much.. I had met good friends, enjoyed a few drinks, and seen splendid racing. Beside me sat a glum fellow. What ailed him was that he had spent half his time in the betting ring chasing the odds. He said: "I'm down £50; but if Tide-mark wins I'll get square."

When that happened I turned to congratulate him. He had taken on a peculiar pallor and was more or less speechless. The close finish, an exhilaration to me, had been more

or less torture to him. And he had backed a winner while I was on a loser (Dewar)! He couldn't drive out the thought of his wagers, and I couldn't shut out the spectacle of a gallant topweight going under gloriously.

Tidemark's owner is the son of James Clark, who in his lifetime was known as the Pearl King. He was the best of sportsmen. As I recall him in the days of the Brisbane Gun Club he was a champion pigeon shot.

Kookaburra had the laugh on many of us in the Denman Handicap.

Stop Press: The "Herald" did not tip The Herald in the Three-Year-Old Handicap—obviously a matter of form. But I have no doubt that this youngster will one day prove a "leader."

Looking over the horses in their stalls, I overheard a woman remark: "Those trainers put on the bandages better than most nurses could do."

* * *

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) told me that the attendance was gratifying in numbers. The first consideration of the club in wartime, he said, was to discharge its responsibility to the national cause. This intention was uppermost in the minds of members of the committee and of the general body of members.

He added that the club could always be counted on to provide the spirit of service through its activities, and he was proud of the response of members on every occasion when appeals were made.

* * *

After "the war to end war" had been fought, and we had settled down to enjoy peace—as we believed, at least in our lifetime—possibly our greatest prospect of regaining some of the old happiness lay in sport. But we found that the sportsmen, so called, had in too many instances forgotten how to play the game. The rule of the contender and the cheat supplanted the old codes. The match without a scene involving players, or player and umpire, became exceptional.

Leaders lost control of their followers. Crowds hooted and stampeded. Protests were entered. Sections of the press starred the ructions in columns and shoved into inches sport as

it was played decently. Any ass that brayed loudly enough could be assured of a sound track of publicity.

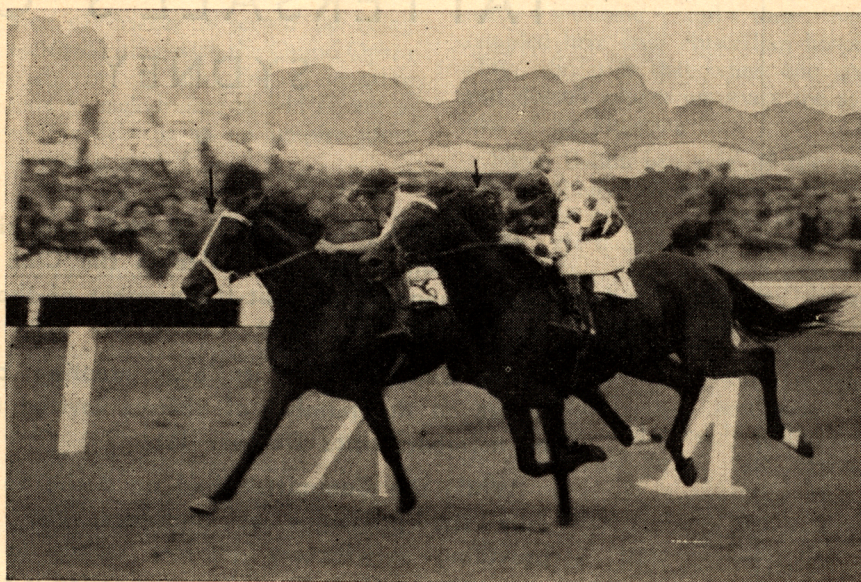
Then war came again. Teams were dispersed, programmes were restricted, and, for a time it looked as if sport would be wiped. Wiser counsels prevailed. To-day, sport has regained its old prestige. The fighting forces play games as part of their training, and the civil population find in sport a refreshing break from the worries of wartime. The nation gains by this occasional brightening of the spirits of the people.

Let us therefore recognise that the future of sport is in our keeping, and

Australia: Trumper, Duff, Hill, Noble, Syd. Gregory, Joe Darling, W. W. Armstrong, Hopkins, Trumble, Kelly and Saunders.

How would any English or Australian team of the period from the end of the Great War to the beginning of the Greater War have fared against that 1902 eleven? Perhaps a better comparison would be provided by choosing a team from both combinations; for I cannot recall any post-war eleven, English or Australian, in the class of those 1902 players.

How would they have stood against the Larwood-Voce bumpers, plus Jardine's leg trap?



Tidemark (inside) defeating Dashing Cavalier by a head in Tattersall's Club Cup. 9/1/43. Dewar was third.

swear to guard it as zealously from the blighting touch of the poor sports—the contenders and cheats—as from the conspiracies of the kill-sports.

* * *

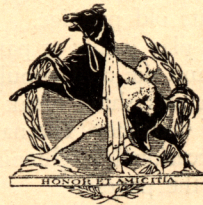
Test team mates since the early nineteen-hundreds, M. A. Noble and Warwick Armstrong remained firm friends up till the time of Monty's passing in the late 'thirties. When they came out of retirement for the social occasion, usually to captain rival teams, the company brought up the question as to which of those two all-rounders preceded the other to the batting crease. Noble used to content himself with quoting the batting order of the 1902 team, probably the greatest ever to represent

How I had wished, as I saw some of our fellows ducking and others falling like novices into the booby trap, that little Syd. Gregory were back again. He would have regarded Larwood in his bodyline (rather than his straight) role as England's gift to Australia. Jardine's "suicide squad" would not have survived many overs before being scattered.

* * *

I had my own opinion about Jardine, but I could never question his right as captain to attack through strength to weakness, because I could never overlook the fact that each of our fellows was armed with a bat.

(Continued on Page 5.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

•

Members will recall that the Committee issued recently an appeal by notice in the Club and in the Club Magazine to limit the number of their guests to a minimum.

The Committee, at its latest meeting, considered a report on the number of visitors invited to the Club by members since October 1st.

While the Committee had no desire to curtail unduly the privileges of members, the problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, compelled it to review the position.

After consideration of all aspects of the matter, a decision was reached limiting to each member the privilege of inviting no more than four male guests a month, as from December 1st.

For the present it is not proposed to curtail the number of lady guests.

Members will appreciate the special circumstances which necessitated this decision.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Jardine knew that he had in Larwood the greatest fast bowler of his time and one of the greatest of all time. Jardine knew also that Larwood's greatness was not in bodyline, but in his natural delivery, a marvel of accuracy, as well as of speed. Larwood was switched to bodyline only when Jardine found it profitable to do so. Had the captain elected to play what is called ethical cricket, my view is that Larwood would have proved an even greater "menace" (as Cardus might write). Jardine's technique was psychological—booby trap and all.

I had no reply to the inquiry of an Englishman who, on visiting Sydney after Jardine and his team had returned home, asked: "What was all the fuss about? Did Larwood bowl too fast for you?"

* * *

Something else that I can never get straight in retrospect is the serious recognition of Hobbs and Sutcliffe as great opening batsmen and, in the case of Hobbs, his being classed as one of the greatest of batsmen. They certainly got the runs and the records—but in the matter of drab stroking they got the goats of the people as well. They did a great deal for England; but how much did they do for cricket? Again, we get back to Trumper-Duff.

* * *

You may correct me in this—as, indeed, in all previous observations—but I never regarded Jack Gregory

strictly as being a fast bowler. Certainly, he ran up to the wicket to deliver with all the fearsome motion of a really fast bowler. Again, the psychological. Some batsmen accepted the show for the blow. Yet Gregory was in every sense a cricketer. When he bowled, batted, or fielded in slips, the crowd sat up and took notice. The Gregorys make the game, and Jack's name will be remembered when those of allegedly greater players will be forgotten.

* * *

Just how much or how little the game of cricket is served by being described either with the Grand Opera touch, or in terms of a macabre scene in melodrama, should be referred for decision to an umpire more competent than I.

* * *

William Wiseman Buckle, who died on January 3, had borne for 70 years a name honoured in Sydney, and he had lived up to the family tradition for plain speaking and honest dealing. His father had been a shipowner, a man of the open spaces, and he passed on to his sons a mental vigour and robust physique.

Latterly Bill Buckle had been nursing his health, but on the occasions when he looked into the club he was always assured of warm welcome by many friends. He played dominoes well, and got and gave pleasure out of the game. His conversation was bright and well-informed. He was a man you would

remember pleasantly from the first meeting.

His brother and constant pal, Frank Buckle, and other members of his family—several of whom belong to the club—will be consoled by the expressions of sympathy heard on every side when the news became known that Bill Buckle had passed on. He had been a member here since April 2, 1928.

* * *

The Americans are our faithful allies, and when one of them falls in battle we feel a pang that is personal. Many thousands have crossed our threshold since the entry of their country into the war. All have been made welcome, and they have sampled here true Australian hospitality. So it is that when one goes and doesn't return we share the sorrow of his kinsmen.

Steve Balint was one of the gallant company whose lives went out in a blaze of glory in the Solomons battle. He had been 25 years in the U.S. Navy, and had visited this club frequently while his ship was in port. He set out with the wish that he would renew his friendships here "mighty soon." Others of his shipmates shared that sentiment. In Steve's case, and possibly in the case of others we know, fate decreed otherwise.

* * *

At a New Year party I sat in on a cross-current of conversation between a Digger of the old war and one returned recently from the new conflict. Both had served in the Palestine theatre, and they talked of

(Continued on Page 7.)

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RACING FIXTURES

1943

JANUARY.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 9th**
 Moorefield Saturday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 30th

FEBRUARY.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Saturday, 20th
 Rosebery Saturday, 27th

MARCH.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 13th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
 Rosehill Saturday, 27th

APRIL.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 10th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 24th

MAY.

No Racing Saturday, 1st
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 8th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 15th
 Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
 Ascot Saturday, 29th

JUNE.

No Racing Saturday, 5th
 Rosebery Saturday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 19th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 26th

JULY.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
 Moorefield Saturday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 24th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 31st

AUGUST.

No Racing Saturday, 7th
 Moorefield Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 28th

SEPTEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 11th**
 Rosehill Saturday, 18th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
 City Tattersall's Club Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
 No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

places over there as familiarly as they would discuss Sydney and its environs.

The old Digger recalled painfully the attempts of wounded horses to rise. When a man was hit badly he stayed put, the Digger said. Horses struggled to rise again and again until they collapsed from exhaustion. The poor, dumb creatures couldn't make out what it was all about, and in that doubt they died.

* * *

During the same evening an old man told me of the afternoon that he had seen John L. Sullivan knocked down in a hotel bar at Woolloomooloo. John L., full of hops and swagger, referred to Australians in disparaging terms. An Aussie picked up a heavy crooked walking stick which Sullivan had hung on the bar. Swinging this as a golf club, the Australian connected with the crooked portion on the forehead of the ex-fighter, bowling him over. What's more, the Australian stood his ground after throwing the stick away. Sullivan rose and scowled. Everybody carried on as if nothing had happened.

* * *

This veteran whom I quote had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and in his boyhood had frequently been the guest of the original Moore family of Moorefield, but he had become a bush worker, gold miner and wanderer.

He told me of a night at Wyalong when he had casually picked up a copy of the "S.M. Herald" in a tent occupied by himself and several mining mates. His eye lit upon an advertisement which he considered queer because of its wording. It read. "Wanted a mate to prospect and locate."

As to "prospect" is to "locate," the veteran read the advertisement to his mates. They laughed. Later, it came out that the advertisement had been inserted by the notorious Butler, whose method was to take people prospecting, set them digging at a spot where gold was supposed to be, then shoot them from behind. Actually, the victims had dug their own graves.

Before setting out on these expeditions, Butler had relieved them by magsmanship of most of their money. He "ratted" them for the balance before shovelling the earth over them. This fiend was brought back from America—to where he had decamped on a sailing vessel—by the late Superintendent John Roche, for many years a member of this club.

* * *

My veteran friend had frequently seen Deeming in the plumbing shop in which the murderer was employed in Sydney. "Deeming's shop"—one of course he occupied—still stands. I have had it pointed out to me. I can't say where, as a disclosure might be taken by owner and tenant to depreciate value and injure business.

* * *

A dear old lady of a past generation was impressed by numerous pictures of golfers at the end of their swing. "Given axes," she said, "I wonder whether they would chop the wood for their wives."

* * *

Stanley Baldwin, who made the headlines recently because of having had his home impressed for war purposes, kept a weird and wonderful collection of pipes at 10 Downing Street during his term as Prime Minister. One pipe had a stem of two yards, made entirely of red glass; another, a remarkable cherrywood, had a bowl capacity sufficient to have kept the average smoker occupied for a week, without refilling.

Eventually Baldwin went up in smoke; but before doing so he very nearly sent Britain up in smoke by his failure to keep pace with German armament.

* * *

Fred Belot is searching for a valuable walking stick, and asks the finder kindly to communicate with him at this club, where the drinks will be on Fred.

* * *

Whether F. G. ("Pony") Finlay, who died recently, was the greatest half back to play at Rugby Union

for N.S.W. and Australia I cannot say with certainty. He rose meteor-like in the early nineteen-hundreds, an era of great players, and ranks on performance as great in himself and among the greatest. After he had been chosen from the Armidale School team to represent Country against the Metropolis, thence graduated to the State team, I recall that a notable critic of the time wrote of "Pony" as being "a terror in attack and a demon in defence." He was all that; and his displays for N.S.W. against Queensland and N.Z., and for Australia against N.Z. and Britain (1904), were memorable. Like another representative half-back (Reg. L. Baker), he was conspicuous on the field, apart from his play, because of his snowy thatch.

* * *

Reading Ex Libris (John Galsworthy) I came across this:

"Look for one or both of two things in a horse, leverage behind, and personality—not looks, just personality."

"Leverage behind? Do you mean higher behind than in front?"

"That's about it. If you see that in a horse, especially when it has to come up a hill, back it."

"But personality? Do you mean putting his head up and looking over the tops of people into the distance? I saw one horse do that; but I don't know what horse it was."

"That's awkward."

* * *

W. A. Wolf, a member of this club since 22/7/29, and a brother of club member Percy Wolf, died on December 28, greatly to the sorrow of the very many who claimed the friendship of this genial fellow. To his family we extend sincere sympathy.

* * *

P. A. Bookallil, one of the younger club members, died on December 30—a bright life extinguished while only half-lived and its promise unfulfilled; that is, in this earthly sphere. The unrevealed Beyond solves many mysteries. For those who have faith there is no death.

Mr. Bookallil joined the club on November 19, 1934.

A Short Guide to Great Britain

Condensed from a booklet prepared by the U.S.
War Department for American soldiers in England

You are going to Great Britain as part of an Allied offensive—to beat Hitler. For the time being you will be Britain's guest.

America and Britain are allies. Hitler knows that they are both powerful countries, tough and resourceful. He knows that they, with the other United Nations, means his crushing defeat in the end. Therefore the first duty of Hitler's propaganda chiefs is to spread distrust between them. If they can do that, Hitler's chance of winning might return.

No Time to Fight Old Wars.

If you come from an Irish-American family you may think of the English as persecutors of the Irish. Or you may think of them as fighting against us in the Revolution and the War of 1812. But there is no time to-day to bring up old grievances. We don't worry about which side our grandfathers fought on in the Civil War, because it doesn't mean anything now.

We can defeat Hitler's propaganda with a weapon of our own. Plain, common horse sense; understanding of evident truths.

In their major ways of life the British and American people are much alike. They speak the same language, they both believe in representative government, freedom of worship, freedom of speech. But they differ in minor characteristics. It is by causing misunderstanding over these that Hitler hopes to make his propaganda effective.

British Reserved, Not Unfriendly.

You defeat enemy propaganda not by denying that these differences exist, but by admitting them openly and then trying to understand them. For instance: The British are more reserved in conduct than we. On a small crowded island where 45 million people live, each man learns to guard his privacy carefully—and is equally careful not to invade another man's. So if Britons don't readily strike up conversations, it doesn't mean they

are haughty. They don't speak because they don't want to intrude. They are not given to back-slapping.

The British have phrases that may sound funny to you. You can make just as many boners in their eyes. It isn't a good idea, for instance, to say "bloody" in mixed company in Britain—it is one of their worst swear words. To say: "I look like a bum" means, to the British, that you look like your own backside. It isn't important—just a tip if you are trying to shine in polite society.

British money is in pounds, shillings and pence. Your arguments that the American decimal system is better won't convince them. Don't call it "funny money," either. They sweat hard to get it.

Don't be a Show-off.

American soldiers' pay, like American workers' wages, is the highest in the world. Learn to spend your money according to British standards. They won't think any better of you for throwing money around; they are more likely to feel that you haven't learned the common-sense virtue of thrift. The British "Tommy" is apt to be specially touchy about the difference between his wages and yours. Use common sense and don't rub it in.

You can antagonise a Britisher by telling him "we came over and won the last one." Each nation did its share. But Britain remembers that nearly a million of her best manhood died in the last war. America lost 60,000 in action.

Such arguments, and the war debts along with them, are dead issues. Nazi propaganda is pounding away day and night asking the British people why they should fight "to save Uncle Shylock and his silver dollars." Don't play into Hitler's hands by mentioning war debts.

Neither do the British need to be told that their armies lost the first couple of rounds in the present war. We've lost a couple ourselves. And remember how long the British held Hitler off alone.

The British Are Tough.

Don't be misled by the British tendency to be soft-spoken and polite. They can be plenty tough. The English language didn't spread across the oceans, mountains, jungles and swamps of the world because these people were panty-waists. Sixty thousand British civilians—men, women and children—have died under bombs, yet their morale is high. A nation doesn't come through that if it doesn't have guts.

Remember that crossing the ocean doesn't automatically make you a hero. There are housewives in aprons and youngsters in knee-pants in Britain who have lived through more high explosives than many soldiers saw in the last war.

Age Instead of Size.

London has no skyscrapers, not because British architects couldn't design one, but because London is built on swampy ground, and skyscrapers need solid foundations. The British care little about size. They take more pride in age and tradition than in having the "biggest." They will point out historic buildings which were built almost a thousand years ago. Those buildings mean as much to the British as Mount Vernon or Lincoln's birthplace do to us.

Remember There's a War On.

Britain may look a little shop-worn and grimy to you. There's been a war on since 1939. The houses haven't been painted because factories are not making paint—they're making planes. The famous English gardens and parks are either unkept because there are no men to care for them or they have been given over to vegetables. British taxicabs look antique because Britain makes tanks, not new cars. British trains are cold because power is used for industry, not for heating. There are no luxury dining cars because total war effort has no place for such frills. The British people are anxious for you to know that in normal times Britain looks much prettier, cleaner, neater.

(Continued on Page 11.)

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Here's to a fresh start in a new year and may our billiards and snooker get better and better.

Although our club did not conduct its annual tournament in 1942, interest in green-cloth games was well maintained, and many new players looked to the cue as an avenue to take their minds away for a few minutes from everyday affairs.

One well-known business executive told the writer he would not miss his daily game on any account, because it affords a complete break in the hurly-burly of business life. He is quite right. One cannot play billiards and have his mind elsewhere. Either billiards or snooker call for co-ordination of muscles and senses, but, perhaps, in greater degree, also relaxed immobility in the making of a stroke—in short, relaxed concentration.

To the newcomers a bit of advice should not be amiss.

They should watch the good players and study their methods and always to remember that in no other game do players offer encouragement and advice more freely to those less gifted than themselves. It is a tradition.

To beginners we say: Take note of the way the champions stand and note that the bridge always remains firm and the cue goes through for every shot with consistently steady rhythm. Watch the stance and you will observe that no player worth his salt ever bends down to take aim before his feet are in correct position.

A standing axiom in golf is, "Keep your eye on the ball." There is a lot of similarity between billiards and golf, if we care to work it out, but for our present purpose that one golden rule is sufficient to point our argument. To keep your eye on the ball you must keep still. At Rose Bay Golf Links one fine day golf champion Sam Richardson saw a stranger playing from at least two hundred yards. After one stroke Richardson exclaimed, "That fellow is a professional." "How do you know?" he was asked. "He keeps still," was the reply.

Investigation proved him correct. The stranger was a Victorian professional holidaying in Sydney.

Different Enjoyment.

There is no need to be a Walter Lindrum to get full enjoyment out of the game. Actually, the world's

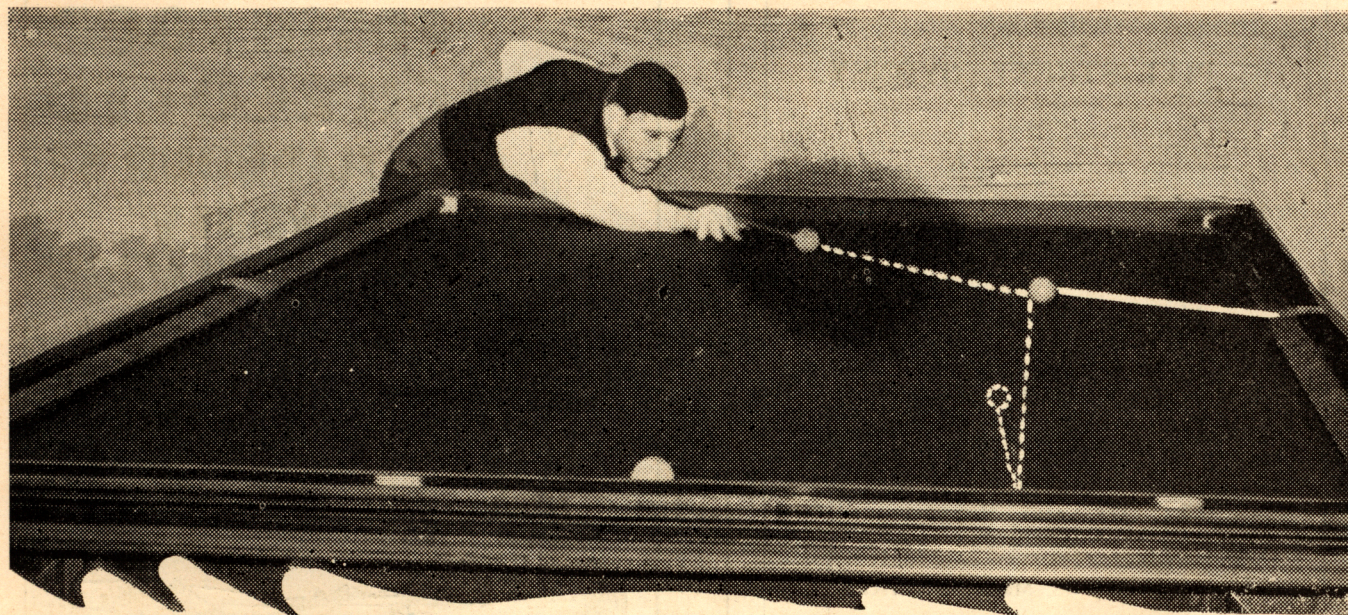
champion is far too advanced for most of those who want to watch. He is in the ultra class and his billiards far above our attainment. You will find your friends get most pleasure of seeing you in difficulties with the balls and your efforts to get out of trouble.

It has been said that in England in 1932 when the four greatest players the world has known—Lindrum, Davis, McConachy and Tom Newman—were present at the one time, that business fell off. Sidney Smith, one of the present-day champions, declared that the nursery cannons were wonderful, the acme of professional skill, but spectators yawned as hundred after hundred were reeled off and only woke up to cheer when the thousand mark had been passed and the champions would bow to both of them!

That, of course, is a bit far fetched, but it is sufficient to show that it is the "spot of bother" one gets into that creates most fun for lookers-on—and you, too, will enjoy extricating yourself from a difficult position.

Those who prefer snooker to the three-ball game will find it pays in the long run to go for anything on

(Continued on Page 16.)

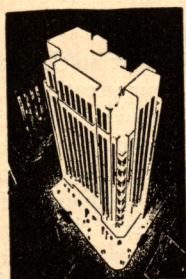


Walter Lindrum shows how to pot the red and run up the table and back again to secure ideal position when the opposing white is stationed behind the billiard spot. The "double strength" will be found much easier for amateurs than the "dead strength" touch which so frequently spells disaster.

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A SHORT GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 8.)

The Country.

If you are from Boston or Seattle the weather may remind you of home. If you are from Arizona or North Dakota you will find it a little hard to get used to. At first you will probably not like the almost continual rains and mists and the absence of snow and crisp cold. Actually the city of London has less rain than many places in the U.S., but the rain falls in frequent drizzles. Most people get used to it eventually.

If you have a chance to travel, you will agree that no area of the same size in the United States has such a variety of scenery.

Cradle of Democracy.

Although you'll hear of "lords" and "sirs" and the King, the British enjoy a working democracy which is in some ways more sensitive to the will of the people than our own. Our speech, our common law, and our ideals of religious and political freedom were all brought from Britain when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Parts of our own Bill of Rights were borrowed from the great charters of British liberty. The

British Parliament has been called the mother of parliaments, because almost all the representative bodies in the world have been copied from it.

The British people have great affection for their monarch, but they have stripped him of practically all political power. The British feel criticism of the King as you would feel if anyone spoke against our country or our flag. To-day's King and Queen stuck with the people and had their home bombed just like anyone else, and the people are proud of them.

The People.

As you go along, you will discover differences in customs that may confuse you. Like driving on the left side of the road and drinking warm beer. But you get used to things like that, and realise that they belong to England just as baseball and jazz belong to us. In general, the same sort of courtesy, decency and friendliness that go over big in America will go over big in Britain.

Their Sports.

The British of all classes are enthusiastic about sports. Cricket will

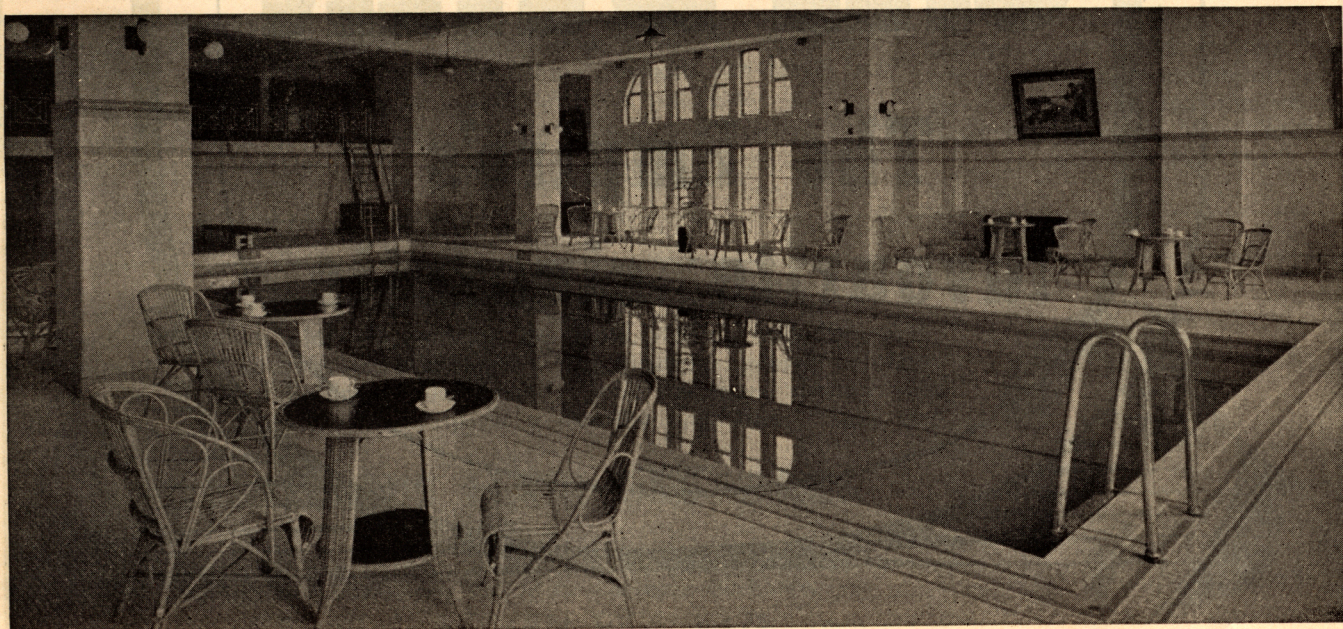
strike you as slow compared with American baseball, but it isn't easy to play well, and you have to know the fine points to understand what is going on.

Football in Britain takes two forms: soccer, which is known in America, and "rugger," which is a rougher game and closer to American football, but is played without the padded suits and headguards we use. Rugger requires 15 on a side, uses a ball slightly bigger than our football, and allows lateral but not forward passing. The English do not handle the ball as cleanly as we do, but they are far more expert with their feet. In all English games no substitutes are allowed. If a man is injured, his side continues with fewer players.

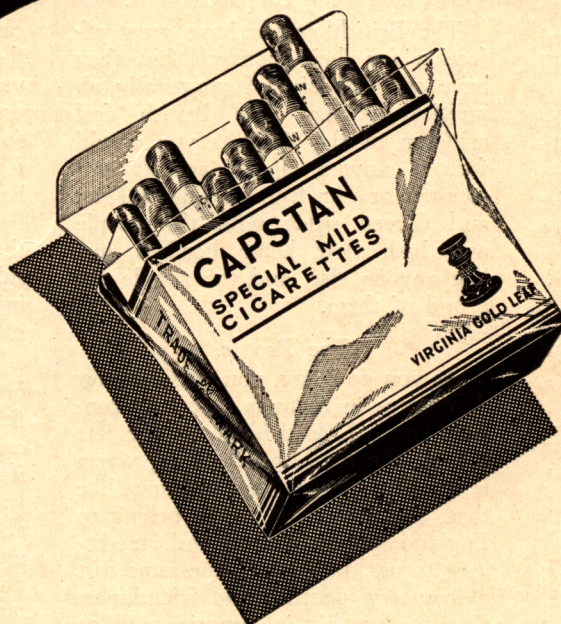
You will find English crowds more orderly than American crowds. If a fielder misses a catch at cricket, the crowd may shout "Good try!" even if it looks to you like a bad fumble. In America the crowd would probably shout "Take him out!" You must be careful in the excitement of an English game not to shout remarks which everyone in America would understand, but which the British might think insulting.

In general more people play games in Britain than in America. You can

(Continued on Page 15.)



The Club Swimming Pool.



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"WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING . . ."

Toastmasters differ in the acidity of their humour, the length of their perorations, and the heat of their oratorical fury. Their essential function, however, has been admirably defined by Gene Buck, author of 13 of Ziegfeld's Follies and a toastmaster of resounding fame. "I am," he likes to say, when presiding at a banquet, "merely the toastmaster—the punk that sets off the fireworks."

The smart retort, or wisecrack, has become more and more a necessity in the punk's repertory. Clarence Budington Kelland has developed a technique that is half honey and half arsenic—a happy mixture of impudence and good will. He never—as Oscar Wilde once said of a well-bred man—unintentionally insults anybody. Once, after David Sarnoff, the overlord of the National Broadcasting Company, had completed a speech in which he had deified practically all of the inventors of the radio, Mr. Kelland arose and remarked, "I regret extremely that Mr. Sarnoff has failed to mention the greatest genius of them all—the guy who invented the button that turns the damned thing off."

In 1934, when Mr. Roosevelt was riding exceedingly wide and high, and the Republicans had managed to re-

turn with only Maine and Vermont in their bag, Mr. Kelland introduced a speaker as follows: "This is Mr. Henry P. Fletcher of Greencastle, Pennsylvania, who has been made Chairman of the Republican National Committee and that, somehow, seems to me like taking on the job of janitor in a haunted house."

Irvin S. Cobb once spoke with great prolixity at a dinner presided over by Will Rogers. When he finally sat down, Will said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been listening to the ancient Chinese sage, *On Too Long*."

Speakers, lecturers and toastmasters alike suffer dire distress when addressing an unresponsive audience. I once asked Christopher Morley if he was immune from the failing. "No," he said. "Not long ago, in the middle of a lecture I was giving at a club in Cleveland, I was horrified to see the occupants of the back rows marching out of the hall with almost military precision. You can imagine my intense relief on learning that the matter was not really serious. They were leaving, not because they found me lacking in charm, but merely because the house was on fire."

After a lecture I gave at the University of Pennsylvania the question

period was unduly prolonged. I inquired, finally, if there were any more questions. A young man raised his hand. "What time is it?" he asked.

An agency which is forever making mischief with speakers is alcohol. A friend of mine, an eminent poet, once managed to deliver himself of a 25-minute lecture while far gone in wine. As soon as he had accomplished that amazing feat, the chair-lady thanked him profusely and joined in the continuing applause. The bewildered poet, hearing his name spoken and seeing all the hand-clapping, stumbled to his feet, stepped to his desk, and began the same lecture all over again.

At every banquet limited to men, particularly at their club smokers, there is certain to be an intoxicated and garrulous gentleman who treats the audience to a running lecture of his own. Bill Nye's way of dealing with such extracurricular attractions was one I often steal, and find effective. He would point to such an interlocutor and say: "I want to thank the management for so generously providing two speakers for this evening; one for *this* end of the hall and another for *that*."

To make friends with an audience, slowly and step by step, is something of a trick. But to do so instantly—perhaps in one's very opening sentence—is a much more difficult feat. In 1937, a little after the second Roosevelt tidal wave, Mrs. Theodore

(Continued on Page 16.)

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A SHORT GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 11.)

always find people who are glad to play with you. They are good sportsmen and quick to recognise sportsmanship wherever they meet it.

Their Indoor Amusements.

The great British place of recreation is the "pub," or public house—a bar or tavern. The usual drink is beer, which is not like our beer, but ale. The beer is now below peacetime strength, but can still make a man's tongue wag at both ends. You will be welcome as long as you remember that the pub is "the poor man's club," the neighbourhood gathering place, where the men have come to see their friends, not strangers. If you want to join a darts game, let them ask you first. And if you are beaten it is the custom to stand aside and let someone else play.

Keep Out of Arguments.

In the pubs you will hear Britons criticising their Government. That isn't an occasion for you to put in your two cents' worth. It's their business, not yours. You sometimes criticise members of your own family—but just let an outsider start doing the same!

Look, listen and learn before you start telling the British how much better we do things. They will be interested to hear about life in America and you have a chance to overcome the picture many of them have gotten from the movies of an America made up of wild Indians and gangsters. When you find differences between British and American ways of doing things, there is usually a good reason for them.

British railways have dinky freight cars (which they call "goods wagons") not because they don't know any better. Small cars allow quicker handling of freight at the thousands of small stations. British automobiles are little and low-powered—because gasoline must be imported. British taxi-cabs have a comic-looking front wheel structure. Watch them turn around in a 12-foot street and you'll understand why. The British don't know how to make a good cup of

coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea. It's an even swap.

The British are leisurely—but not really slow. Their crack trains held world speed records. A British ship held the trans-Atlantic record. A British car and a British driver set world speed records.

English vs. American Language.

The American soldier on his first furlough in England encounters perplexing differences in language and accent. Instead of street-cars, trucks and radios, the British talk about trams, lorries and wireless sets. The top of a car is the hood, and what we call a hood is a bonnet. Fenders are wings, a wrench is a spanner, and gas is petrol—if there is any. You ask for sock suspenders to get garters and braces to get suspenders. You queue up (stand in line) to book (buy) a seat in the stalls (orchestra) at the cinema (movies), and when you get inside you walk down the gangway (aisle). You get drugs at a chemist's, hardware at an ironmonger's and dry goods at a draper's. You buy a paper at a kiosk and mail a letter at a pillar box. A legal holiday is a bank holiday, a conductor is a guard, cheques are drafts, a dime store is a bazaar, and chain stores are multiple shops.

Britain Is a War Zone.

At home in America you were in a country at war. Britain, however, is a war zone. This has meant great changes in the British way of life.

Every light in England is blacked out every night and all night. Every highway signpost has come down and barrage balloons have gone up. Grazing land is ploughed for wheat, and flower beds are turned into vegetable gardens. Hundreds of thousands of women have gone to work in factories or joined the military auxiliary forces. Old-time social distinctions are being forgotten as the sons of factory workers rise to be officers and the daughters of noblemen get jobs in munition factories.

The British have been bombed, night after night and month after

month. Thousands of them have lost their houses, their possessions, their families. You are coming to Britain from a country where your home is still safe, food is still plentiful, and lights are still burning. So it is doubly important to remember that the British have been living under a tremendous strain.

If British civilians look dowdy and badly dressed, it is not because they do not like good clothes or know how to wear them. All clothing is rationed; old clothes are "good form." If your British host exhorts you to "eat up—there's plenty on the table," go easy. It may be the family's ration for a week spread out to show their hospitality. Most British food is imported even in peacetime. Today British seamen die getting convoys through. The British know that food represents the lives of merchant sailors.

British Women at War.

British women officers often give orders to men. The men obey smartly and know it is no shame. For British women have proved themselves in this war. They have stuck to their posts near burning ammunition dumps, delivered messages afoot after their motor cycles have been blasted from under them. They have pulled aviators from burning planes. They have died at the gun posts and as they fell another girl has stepped directly into the position and "carried on." There is not a single record of any British woman in uniformed service quitting her post or failing in her duty under fire. When you see a girl in uniform with a bit of ribbon on her tunic, remember she didn't get it for knitting more socks than anyone else in Ipswich.

In Britain you will find yourself among a kindly, quiet, hard-working, law-abiding people who have been living under a strain such as few people in the world have ever known. In your dealings with them let this be your slogan: It is always impolite to criticise your hosts; it is militarily stupid to criticise your allies.

Be friendly. Use common sense on all occasions. By your conduct you have power to bring about a better understanding between the two countries after the war is over.

—"The Readers' Digest."

"We Have With Us This Evening..."

(Continued from Page 13.)

Roosevelt, Junior (who chances also to bear the name Eleanor) made an address at the Dutch Treat Club. Though I had purposely introduced her without referring to the recent unpleasantness at the polls, she began her talk with this polished gem: "I feel it only right to tell you that I belong to the Oyster Bay, or out-of-season, Roosevelts!" The applause that followed was, of course, due to a really happy feat of phrasing.

A speaker's greatest effects are sometimes unpremeditated. There was, for instance, the dinner for six-year-old Jackie Coogan, who had just appeared with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid," and signed a fabulous million-dollar, five-year contract with Marcus Loew. The various speakers dilated upon the godlike virtues of Jackie and his father, his employer, his director and his script writer. Then Morrie Hirshman, at that time one of the best-known motion picture critics in America, asked me for the floor. He knew that Jackie's mother was lying ill in another room of the hotel, and sensed that a moral slight was being offered her. "We have heard a great deal," he said, "about little Jackie, his father, and all the directors who are sitting here. But isn't it about time that *someone* said *something* about Mrs. Coogan, the goose that laid this golden egg?"

When I left Mr. Hirshman in the foyer of the hotel, he was still a little puzzled by the volume and fury of the applause he had ignited.

Clifton Fadiman once assured me that he would prefer foregoing all introductions except for a recent tragedy that befell him at a woman's club in Chicago. He had—as lecturers habitually do—besought the chairlady to keep her hymn of praise on the side of credulity, and not to build him up as if he were a Superman. Actually, the lady's introduction made no mention of Fadiman's masterly handling of "Information, Please," or of his book reviews and

writings, but was couched in these simple words: "Our speaker has warned me not to introduce him at too great length. He evidently does not know that, in *this* club, we never introduce *anybody*!" Whereupon the creature sat down.

Fadiman, for the only time in his career, felt himself completely stopped, fazed as he had never been fazed before.

There is also a story about Ring Lardner which Grantland Rice, who was his closest friend, still likes to tell. A Southern colonel, after a mint julep or two, had been addressing a small audience in New Orleans concerning his distinguished family origins. His grandfather, it seemed, had been Governor of South Carolina; his uncle was, currently, the Governor of Virginia; his father had been Mayor of New Orleans; his mother's grandfather had introduced Louisiana to horseracing *et cetera, et cetera*. When he had at last trickled out, Lardner—who was preternaturally dark and tragical in appearance—stood up and introduced himself: "My name is Lardner. I was born in Niles, Michigan, of respectable coloured parents!"

Clarence Darrow once addressed a woman's club on the civilisation of the ancient Phoenicians. When he had run down, the beaming chairlady said, "Oh, how can we thank Mr. Darrow for the *fascinating* lecture he has given us to-night?" Darrow returned to the lectern and added the following *postscriptum*: "I entirely forgot to tell you that it was the Phoenicians who first invented money."

Perhaps, after all, Lardner was right. Asked once to speak at a banquet, he sent the chairman a telegram which was read out at the dinner: "Regret extremely my inability to attend your banquet. It is the baby's night out, and I must stay at home with the nurse."

—Frank Crowninshield in "The Vogue."

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 9.)

rather than attempt safety tactics. With so many balls on the table, it requires fine cuemanship to get the white in safe position against an opponent, and no game ever invented proved more than ever that attack is the best form of defence. Viewed from any angle, a measure of time spent on the green cloth each day is advantageous to the individual. It breeds good fellowship and forces that modicum of relaxation essential to every man who has cares on his shoulders from Reveille to Lights Out. May we cross cues many a time during 1943.

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THE pioneers of N.S.W. who prepared for us such a magnificent heritage, have bequeathed also a record of courage, endurance and enterprise fascinating to recall and to re-live, inspiring and educational.

Parramatta should be given due honour, because here may be found the oldest house in Australia, the oldest school building and the oldest existing school.

The former was built for the use of the Macarthur family, and the latter, the "King's School," still carries on its work.

Here also, in the cemetery of old St. John's, is the oldest existing cemetery, and in Parramatta still stands the oldest Government House in Australia.

Famous explorers and pioneers are connected with Parramatta, for Hamilton Hume and John Batman were both born here whilst Allan Cunningham resided there as also did our first wheat farmer—James Ruse.

The streets of Parramatta ring with our history—Macquarie Street, George Street, Marsden Street, Harris Street, Macarthur Street and many others, for these men made Parramatta, and more than that, they made it not only their home, but the place of Government.

Less than three months after Governor Phillip landed in Sydney Cove, he was attempting, with a party of his men, to pass through thick bush in the vicinity of Homebush to-day and in the course of exploration, came upon what was as manna from Heaven in those early days—good farming land which, because of a semi-circular hill was roughly noted as "The Crescent." So the first name for Parramatta.

In the following spring, owing to the obvious disadvantages of farming at Sydney Cove, Governor Phillip decided to establish an agricultural settlement at "The Crescent" and on November 3rd, of the year 1788, he visited the district in company with Surveyor-General Baron Alt and named it "Rosehill" in honour of one of the Secretaries of the Treasury—Sir George Rose—and in this way Parramatta received its second name.

In June 1791 Governor Phillip instructed Lieut. Dawes to lay out a town and on the sketch plan was pencilled the native name for the district—Parramatta—meaning either "The place where eels lie down" or "The head of the river," and therefore, as from the month of June 1791, Parramatta received its official name.

The population towards the end of the year 1791 exceeded that of Sydney, although of 1800 persons resident there, only 7 were free men. Nevertheless it can be seen that Parramatta was then a more important place than Sydney.

In the late 1790's John Macarthur, at Elizabeth Farm laid the foundation of Australia's wool industry, for this noted pioneer decided to import the famous Merino strain and thereby established our wool industry on the footing which has carried it forward to the achievement of to-day.

Elizabeth Farm house stands to-day, so solidly was it built—a lasting memorial to John Macarthur and his wife Elizabeth.

When Governor Phillip left the colony, Parramatta was definitely the focal point of government but little was done to improve the town under Governor Bligh's reign.

However with the arrival of Governor Macquarie there came a change typical of the energy of this builder-Governor.

Government House was enlarged and improved, St. John's Church also was enlarged and a parsonage built for the Rev. Samuel Marsden, a new hospital was designed by Francis Greenway and there came into being massive barracks to house the soldiers of this garrison town, well-constructed roads, storehouses, offices, prisons and various institutional buildings.

Governor Macquarie forged ahead, building the foundation of modern Parramatta; as early as 1813 he held the first Fair there, which was in reality the genesis of all our agricultural Societies and Shows.

Landmarks of the early days were mills—dating from 1796—for flour milling, with varying success, but no great betterment of the place took place until the 30's when town land was sold instead of being leased.

Always a centre of learning, the King's School was founded by Bishop Broughton at Parramatta in 1832 possibly because here was the seat of government which the town remained until 1847 when the tragic death of Lady Mary Fitzroy, the wife of Governor Fitzroy, caused the Governor, in the first shock of his grief, to remove to Government House, Sydney.

Government House at Parramatta fell into a sad state of disrepair until it eventually passed to the

King's School to become the Junior House and with Sir William Denison's arrival in 1855 the Government Domain was subdivided but 100 acres were reserved from sale for the use of the people of Parramatta—hence Parramatta Park.

Many and famous have been the inns of Parramatta and as early as 1798 there were five of these established, two of the best known being "The Woolpack" and "The Red Cow"—the latter standing where the Court House is to-day.

With the discovery of a way over the Blue Mountains, the sheep breeding industry moved inland, but grain continued to be grown until about 1850.

The coming of the Railway—Australia's first line—in 1855 changed firstly Parramatta's agricultural outlook. Fruit growing gradually replaced grain, then came poultry

and dairy-farming.

Manufacturing has been carried on in Parramatta since very early days and by the tanning of leather, the weaving of cloth and brewing of beer, the district progressed through the last century and up to to-day.

The Cumberland Agricultural Society formed in 1821 was the forerunner of our Royal Agricultural Society and the shows were not transferred to Moore Park until 1870.

Parramatta has had many newspapers but the existing "Cumberland Argus" was established in 1888.

Incorporated a town in November 1860, the first aldermen were elected in 1861, and were John Williams, Mayor, Ald. James Byrnes, James Houson, James Pye, Henry Harvey, John Taylor, John Neale, John Trott and John Good.

A further honour came to Parramatta in 1938 for during the sesqui-centenary celebrations it was designated a city. This impressive modern district, enriched by tradition, occupies a unique place in Australia, for on historic ground stand hundreds of modern homes and buildings whilst modern transport facilities link up this new city with the metropolis.

On one side of Parramatta flourish great industries and on the other lie pleasant, undulating hills and rural byways.

Second only to Sydney in age, Parramatta stands as a monument for all that is best and progressive in our history.

Despite every amenity of modern progressive living, still the light of the past burns brightly in Parramatta—the cradle of settlement in the Great South Land.



Parramatta Branch.

The RURAL BANK

OF NEW SOUTH WALES